

All this love made me cry!

Not everything in war is black; There the white color shines like a very clear ray of sunshine that delights the soul and heart. In war, things unfold. People become clearer and appear as they really are. Angels show the best in them and devils show the ugliest in them. Whoever worships and prays hypocritically abandons prayer, and whoever shows harshness and frowns due to the difficulty of life, his face becomes clearer and purer. People appear as they are. Many questions that were on everyone's minds has been answered. Therefore, people will not return after the war to the way they were before it.

During the war, I loved my profession and the life I spent on stage, acting, directing, training, writing, traveling, and staying for long hours in the theater. I spent more hours there than I spent with my family at home. I always asked myself: Is the theater worth all this fatigue, all that sacrifice, nerve-racking, fear, and constant tension over the success or failure of a show? Many times when I was acting, I would feel pain as if my heart would stop. Nervous tension followed by relaxation, fighting. We bend ourselves and our feelings according to the nature of the text.

What a profession whose beauty, cruelty, goal, and end have no limits, as if we are wrestling with the unknown. We always look for the best, and there is always better. Mostly, we do not see ourselves after filming because we do not like ourselves and we keep saying, "Oh, if only I had done this and not done that." Oh, it never ends for thousands of years until now. My fellow theatre people, writers, filmmakers, artists, singers, and creative people in general who struggle with imagination share the same passion with me.

My large family during the war, you are the ones who made the moments easy. Days are measured in moments. Every call, every word, every situation, and every letter you wrote was my refuge for steadfastness and survival of hope. I love you and I love my profession. And I cannot forget our beloved audience, who showered us with their love throughout the past years and still does, even in the shadow of war, and in the middle of the bread queue or among the crowds in the market, someone comes to me and greets me with all the love in the world. Mr. Ali, how are you? Are you well? I've seen all your work.. Do you need any help? His words makes me forget the war, the queues, and the cruelty of the moment.

My beloved theatre, I hope this nightmare will end and we will return to your stage and fill the world with noise, beauty, life, love and peace.

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